"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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ISRAEL BENTON'S BLESSING.

"Old Israel turned out of house and home. I declare that's too bad!"

Thus said a gentleman who was talking about the failure of Seaford and Co., that made such a stir some years ago.

Old Israel Benton was worthy of his name. A dignified, white-haired man, with a calm and sweet countenance, who, with regard to moral probity, had lived in the courts of the Lord all the days of his life.

Everything was taken belonging to Seaford and Co. Not even the little house where Israel Benton lived in comfort with his aged wife, was spared. For twenty years he had been connected with Seaford and Co., had done his duty with unflagging spirits and unfailing regularity. It had seemed to him as if he was to die in their honoured employ. John Seaford had often said to him:

"Israel, don't tax yourself too hard; rest when you will, old friend; and if the time comes that you must lie by, why, remember that you and your wife are provided for." And so he had complacently looked upon himself as cared for up to the end of his good and honourable life.

The shock fell with added weight because the wife had for some time been ailing. Seaford and Co. were stricken as terribly as men could be, for they failed through the dishonesty of others. They were true men, both of them, men who followed the Bible precepts, and suddenly Heaven had smitten them.

Israel came back from the store on that sad morning, not utterly cast down, but very heavy-hearted. It had been his custom for a long time to go out at six and come back at seven for his breakfast and family worship. Here he was on the threshold no longer his. The words of the elder Seaford rang in his ears:

"Israel, I wish we *could* have saved your little home. It tries us very much that we cannot." He could answer nothing, for it was hard at sixty-nine to be homeless.

He could look into the pleasant tea-room, where Martha sat waiting for him, the little loaf on the table, the bright tin tea-pot, the snowy cloth, for whatever passed through Martha's hands came forth whiter and better, if that were possible.

"I can't bear to go in," he thought to himself, as he bustled about, hanging up his hat, brushing his silvery glistening locks back from a broad forehead. There were two glass panes set in the door, and through them he saw the room, Martha's pale, gentle face, the sun streaming over the picture of Washington, and falling down to the faded lounge. At last he cried manfully unto his soul, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God;" and so he was fortified to go in, even to tell Martha, after they had eaten.

"I thought you made a small breakfast," was her quiet reply, but the tears were struggling up, nevertheless. And again she said, as she moved her chair back,

"Well, Israel, we are old, and have never wanted. Some way will be opened for us."

At that moment there was a bustle at the door. A manly fellow of thirty came in much excited, his hat in his hand.

"O, father, it can't be true!" he cried, breathlessly; "I heard it down town."

"Wait a little, John;" and the old man placed his tremulous hand on the sinewy arm; "we're going to read now.

Sit down and calm yourself, my son, and we'll talk of this afterwards."

John fell into a chair, but the troubled look remained all through the reading of the Psalm, and possibly while Israel prayed to his God,

"Teach us to bow humbly, our Father. O, teach us to say, Thy will be done!" was the last sentence of the child-like prayer of the faithful old man.

"Now, John," said Israel, smiling as he arose. Martha, still sad, cleared the table softly, stopping every little while to listen.

"What in the world will you do, father?"

"I haven't had time to think," said the old man, sighing, in spite of himself; "but we shall get along."

John shook the foot that hung over his knee, and his face grew darker and darker. He was thinking how impossible it would be for him to help his old father. He had married young, some said imprudently, but it was not so in the main, for he had found a cheerful, industrious wife. His only trouble was want of means—not absolute want—but he received a very small salary, and his family was increasing. He already had four children, and only house-room enough for them.

"If I had a place, father, you should come right with me. O, what a curse it is to be poor!"

"Hush, John; don't let me hear such language from your lips. God has appointed us each his share of sorrow. I have been comfortable all my life; perhaps mine is coming now; and, John, if it is, there'll be only a shorter strife, for the old man is almost seventy."

One or two tears fell down Martha's pale cheeks, but she was very patient; she said nothing.

"If 'Biel was only like any other man," cried John, starting up angrily, "it wouldn't matter; but to think of your son and my brother being such a skinflint! I hope he will be poor before he dies."

"O, John!" cried Martha, reprovingly.

"I am sorry to see that spirit, my son," said Israel; "it hurts me more than all my trouble."

"Well, father, don't think of it. I'm wrong, of course, and hasty; but I do wish, for your sake and for mother's, that I had all 'Biel's wealth. That don't mend matters, however. I'm going down the street. I'll call again to-day or to-morrow"—and off he went hastily.

Walking himself into a perspiration, he suddenly confronted a tall, keen-looking man just leaving a broker's office.

"Come back, 'Biel," he said; "I want to speak to you. It's only a minute—about father," exclaimed John, impatiently.

"Well, I'll give you five," said the broker, and went back into his office.

"You've heard of the Seafords' failure?"

"Of course I have," answered the broker.

"And that father is turned out of house and home?"

"Well, no, I didn't hear of that," replied the brother, knitting his brows slightly.

"Well, it's so. They haven't saved a cent. Even that poor little house must go. Now, what's to be done for father?"

"Why, can't you take him home?" asked the broker, calmly.

"*Me?*" John's brow flushed hotly to the edge of his hair.

"Why, yes. Father'd be contented with you. He loves children, and I haven't any. Mother and my wife never could get along together. Besides, we've leased the house and are going to board."

"You own half-a-dozen houses," cried John, angrily.

"Well, what of it? The best of them are well rented. I couldn't turn good tenants out. And the worst of them—of course I wouldn't let him live *there* among foreigners."

John stood still, his blood boiling. He was as impulsive as he was honest, and his hands tingled to shake his heartless brother, of whom he was ashamed.

"'Biel, what *will* you do?" he asked, controlling his wrath.

"Well, I'll give two dollars a week towards his support, if you will give two."

John could no longer restrain himself.

"'Biel," he cried, "as Heaven is my witness, I'm sorry that one drop of my blood runs in your veins, miserly and unfilial as you are! You roll in wealth—you know it, and you thrust a burden

upon a poor man like me. Don't smile. I've not come here to beg for myself—no, nor for father either. He'd blush if he even knew I had come to you. No—not to beg for old Israel Benton, with his white hairs of age upon his temples, but to demand the right you would withhold. How ungrudgingly he has spent his little gains for your benefit; slaved to give you an education; and now, when poverty has come, and helplessness, you offer to give him two dollars a week! Shame on you!"

"You don't better your cause by such language," sneered the elder brother.

"*My* cause?" cried John again, hotly, "*my* cause? 'Biel Benton, do you disown the old man who gave you being? is he not your father as well as mine? But I see there is no use pleading with you. I am a poor man, but I'll deny myself even bread and water, and live in one room, but what my father and mother, since you throw their support upon me, shall be lodged and fed."

"I insist on contributing two dollars a week," said the broker, opening his pocket-book. "Here's the money for two months. At the end of that time I'll send another instalment for two months."

John's cheek turned deadly white. He took the money, and made a motion as if he would tear it in pieces; then a better impulse moved him. In his poverty he had no right to throw away even this mean and grudged gift. He bestowed one look on his brother that, hard as he was, made him quail, took his hat and left the office.

The old man heard it all with tingling cheeks, for, tell it as delicately as John might, it could not be softened.

"Don't feel so about it, John," he said, kindly; "it's very good in 'Biel; at least it will pay my little rent. I shall stay here, John—it's all arranged. The creditors are very good about it; and since morning I've got a situation."

"A situation!" cried John, incredulous.

"I know it will be too much for him," murmured Martha, looking up from her knitting.

"No, no, Martha, there's more strength in me than you think. It's tolerable pay, too; at least it will give us what little we want. I've taken a porter's situation in Harrison's, dear," he added, looking up, his lip quivering a little.

"A porter? O, father!" John laid his arms on the table, his head on them, and burst into tears. He had always admired his father, had been proud of seeing him in his clerkly capacity,—for the old gentleman had done a deal of writing for the Seafords,—in that great, handsome office with its mahogany desk and chairs; he so gentlemanly, with his white hair and pale, refined face. Now to carry heavy packages, that old man; to be subject to the whims of underclerks; it was too horrible; and John sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Why, Johnny, my boy, Johnny, my good, brave boy that you always were!" exclaimed the old man, patting him on the shoulder, trying to smile through the heavy tears that were rolling over his own cheeks, while poor Martha had turned her dim eyes away, and hidden them in her handkerchief.

"I—I can't help it, father. O, why am I poor?"

The old man went daily after that to his new business, but he had overrated his strength. One day John was hastily sent for, so was Abiel Benton. The latter looked up from the click of hard gold to hear the message. Israel, his father, was dying. The former left his sick babe and weary wife, weary with work and constant care, and the two brothers met at the solemn death-bed. Israel Benton had burst a blood-vessel, lifting some heavy weight, and now, calm, white and serene, he was "only waiting."

"John," he said, with a smile, and as John knelt down he laid his hand on his boy's brown curls.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said, softly.

"Abiel, come here," he whispered, as his life ebbed. The conscience-stricken man came forward, fell on his knees, too wretched to speak.

"May God Almighty bless you, my son!" exclaimed the old man, with fervent emphasis.

"O, father, forgive!" He but spoke to clay. With Israel Benton's last words consciousness had departed.

And 'Biel Benton went his way, but

O, that blessing! It met him everywhere. It embittered every cup of joy. Strange to say, it seemed to him that the blessing was changed into a curse. And so it was while he kept his greed for gold. So it was while he felt that it was through his own wretched parsimony that his father had perished and his brother might perish. So it was till he came to John one day in the midst of his toiling, a haggard, suffering man, and holding out gold and title-deeds, cried in his anguish,—

"Here, if you would help a perishing soul, share with me; help to do battle with the demon that is drawing the very life of my life. John, leave your miserable business that is killing you; share with me if you would help me to my father's blessing, for O, it seems instead a curse that is killing me!"

And ever after, when he saw John in prosperity, and John's babes smiling in his childless face, and John's wife calling him the saviour of her husband's life, a tremulous hand seemed laid upon his bowed head, a sweet, unsteady voice seemed saying,

"May God Almighty bless you, my son!"—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Earth is wrapped in midnight beauty,
Gently beaming stars abound,
While the silvery moonbeams mingle
With the dewdrops on the ground.

'Neath a lowly bending willow,
Kneels a wretched orphan child,
With her eyes upturned to heaven,
And her bosom throbbing wild.

"Thou, the orphan's promised Father,
Hear my simple, earnest prayer;
Take, oh! take me to my mother,
Let me dwell for ever there!

"I am friendless and forsaken;
None are left to pity me,
Since my mother dear was taken
Up to heaven to live with Thee.

"On this night of silent beauty,
I would bid the world farewell;
None on earth remain to mourn me;
None my tale of suffering tell."

He who giveth life and taketh,
Caught the vital spark, the breath:
Now the lonely little orphan
Sleeps the dreamless sleep of death.

TWENTY QUESTIONS TO TRINITARIANS,

WITH ANSWERS FROM SCRIPTURE.

Question I.—Is God *one* Supreme Being or Person, or is he more than one?

Answer. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Exod. xx. 3.

Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord. Deut. vi. 4. See Deut. iv. 35, 39; Mark xii. 29.

To whom will you liken me? or to whom shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Isa. xl. 25. See also Isa. xlvi. 5, 9, and xliv. 8.

I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God besides me. Isa. xlv. 5; Psal. lxxxvi. 10.

In that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one. Zech. xiv. 9.

Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God. Matt. xix. 17.

There is none other God but one. 1 Cor. viii. 4.

For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. ii. 5.

One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Ephes. iv. 6.

Conclusion. From these passages it is clear to the most illiterate mind, that neither the Old Testament nor the New Testament writers ever imagined or taught, that God is more than *one single Being, or Person.*

Question II.—Who is the one Supreme Being, or Person, or by what other name than that of God is he usually distinguished?

Answer. To us there is but one God, the Father. 1 Cor. viii. 6.

Glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. xv. 6; 2 Cor. i. 3.

Glorify your Father who is in heaven. Matt. v. 16, 45, x. 20.

Therewith bless we God, even the Father. James iii. 9.

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth. Matt. xi. 25, and xv. 13.

Conclusion. From these passages we are constrained to infer, that the only *Person* in the universe who is truly and in the highest sense God, is the *Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;* his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

Question III.—Was Jesus of Nazareth the Supreme Being, or was he not?

ANSWER. Behold my servant (Jesus) whom I have chosen. Matt. xii. 18.

He was a prophet mighty in deed and in word before God. Luke xxiv. 19.

Moses truly said unto the fathers, a prophet (Jesus) shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me. Acts iii. 22.

He withdrew into the wilderness and prayed. Luke v. 16, ix. 28; Matt. xxvi. 39.

He was alone praying. Luke ix. 18, and vi. 12.

He liveth unto God. Rom. vi. 10.

God is called "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ephes. i. 17; 2 Cor. xi. 31; 1 Peter i. 3.

Christ Jesus "was faithful to him that appointed him, as also Moses was faithful in all his house. Heb. iii. 2.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered. Heb. v. 8; John xii. 49, xv. 10.

Then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that did put all things under him, that God (the Father) may be all in all. 1 Cor. xv. 28.

CONCLUSION. These passages justify us in observing, that he who is represented as the *servant* and *prophet* of God—as *obedient* and *subject* to God—and as uniformly *praying* and *giving thanks* to God, cannot himself be the true God. Would the true God, the *Most High, pray to himself?*

QUESTION IV.—Did Jesus of Nazareth *represent* himself as the Supreme Being?

ANSWER. To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give. Matt. xx. 23.

The Father hath sent me. John v. 36.

I have kept my Father's commandments. John xv. 10.

I have finished the work which thou (the Father) gavest me to do. John xvii. 4.

I ascend to my Father and to your Father; to my God and to your God. John xx. 17.

I am come in my Father's name. John v. 43.

This commandment have I received of my Father. John x. 18.

Neither came I of myself, but he sent me. John viii. 42.

Whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak. John xii. 49, 50. See John x. 36.

As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. John xiv. 31.

My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. John iv. 34.

CONCLUSION. Thus it appears, that Jesus represented himself as being *sent by the Father*,—as *receiving* and *obeying* his commands,—and as making it the great object of his existence *to do his will;* he cannot, therefore, be the Supreme Being. Can the *Supreme* Being *receive commands* from another?

QUESTION V.—Was Jesus, the son of Mary, the Omniscient Being?—Did he know all things, past, present and future?

ANSWER. Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven; neither the Son, but the Father. Mark xiii. 32. See Matt. xxiv. 36.

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you. John xv. 10.

It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. Acts i. 7.

The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass. Rev. i. 1.

CONCLUSION. Since Christ declares, that *he did not know the day of judgment*, his knowledge *was limited;* he cannot therefore be the Omniscient God, for He knows all things in the most absolute sense.

QUESTION VI.—Was Jesus, the son of Mary, the Omnipotent Being?—Had he all power *independent* of the Father?

ANSWER. The Son can do nothing of himself. John v. 19.

I can of mine own self do nothing. John v. 30.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matt. xxviii. 18.

CONCLUSION. In these passages Jesus declares that he had no power but what was *given* to him by the Father; he cannot therefore be the Omnipotent God, who possesses in himself infinite and *underived power*.

QUESTION VII.—Was Jesus of Nazareth *immutable*, either in body or in mind? Was he unchangeable in wisdom, in knowledge, in power, in authority, and in joy?

ANSWER. He was "tempted of the devil." Matt. iv. 1.

He was in all points tempted like as we are. Heb. iv. 15, and ii. 18.

He beheld the city, and wept over it. Luke xix. 41.

Being in great agony, he prayed more earnestly. Luke xxii. 44.

There appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him. Luke xxii. 43.

He grew and waxed strong in spirit. Luke ii. 40.

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man. Luke ii. 52.

He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears to Him that was able to save him from death. Heb. v. 7.

Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross. Heb. xii. 2.

He learned obedience by the things which he suffered. Heb. v. 8.

CONCLUSION. "I am JEHOVAH, I *change not*," says God (Mal. iii. 6). But Jesus suffered many changes, and last of all death; he cannot therefore be the *immutable* God.

QUESTION VIII.—Did Jesus Christ effect miracles by his *own inherent power*, or by the power of the Father?

ANSWER. Thou hast given him power over all flesh. John xvii. 2.

Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, &c., which God did by him. Acts ii. 22.

God anointed Jesus with the Holy Ghost and with power. Acts x. 38.

For though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God. 2 Cor. xiii. 4; John vi. 57.

The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. John x. 25.

The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. John xiv. 10.

CONCLUSION. Thus we learn, that Jesus *performed miracles*, not by any *power of his own*, but by the power which the Father *gave* him, or by the *energy* of the Father dwelling in him, clearly shewing that he was dependent upon the Father in every work he performed. This is not the character of the independent Sovereign of the universe.

QUESTION IX.—Was the *knowledge* of Jesus Christ inherent and underived?—or was it given to him by a superior?

ANSWER. The Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will shew him greater works than these. John v. 20.

He that sent me is true; and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of him. John viii. 26, 38, 40.

The word which ye hear is not mine, but His that sent me. John xiv. 24.

For I have given them the words which thou gavest me. John xvii. 8.

But as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things. John viii. 28.

CONCLUSION. These passages teach us, that all the knowledge which Christ possessed was *derived, given,* or *communicated* from the Father; he cannot, therefore, be *that great Being* whose knowledge is *underived* and *independent:* no—not even if his knowledge extended to *all things.* But from another part of the Scriptures *(see answer to Question V.)* we learn that his knowledge *was limited,* which absolutely precludes the possibility of a full equality with God.

QUESTION X.—Was the *authority* which Jesus Christ exercised inherent; or was it delegated to him from another and a greater Being?

ANSWER. I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me. Luke xxii. 29.

The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands. John iii. 35.

The Father "hath committed all judgment unto the Son." John v. 22, 27.

All things are delivered to me of my Father. Luke x. 22.

The Lord God shall give unto him (Christ) the throne of his father David. Luke i. 32.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. Luke iv. 10.

For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. Col. i. 19.

CONCLUSION. He who *receives authority* from another cannot possibly be his equal; but Jesus *received authority, honour* and *glory,* from the Father: it follows then that he is *inferior to the Father,* and ought to be received as such.

QUESTION XI.—Was Jesus Christ a different being from the Father?—and did he possess a distinct mind and will from the mind and will of the immutable Father?

ANSWER. Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. Mark xiv. 36; Matt. xxvi. 39.

It is also written in your law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me. John viii. 17, 18.

I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father who sent me. John v. 30.

For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. John vi. 38.

Conclusion. From these passages it is most apparent, that Jesus had a will or mind of his own, separate and distinct from that of the Father; they do not, therefore, they cannot constitute one being or person: if then they were *equal in all respects*, it would unquestionably follow, that they were *two Gods*, which would destroy the fundamental principle of all religion, the Unity of God.

Question XII.—Was the divinity which dwelt in Jesus, and by which he wrought miracles, a distinct divinity called the Son? or was it the divinity of the Father, and the Father only?

Answer. The words that I (Jesus) speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. John xiv. 10.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. 1 John iv. 12.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. 1 John iv. 15, 16.

Conclusion. Thus it is clear that if any one should conclude that because the *Father dwelt in Christ*, that therefore he is literally *one being* with, and *equal to him*, it will follow that all believers are *one being* with God, and *equal to him*, because God is said *to dwell in them.*

Question XIII.—Is the unity or oneness which is said to exist between the Father and his Son Jesus, a unity of nature or person, or a unity of purpose, disposition and operation?

Answer. I and my Father are one. John x. 30.

Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. John xvii. 11, 21, 23.

Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one. 1 Cor. iii. 8.

Conclusion. From these texts, compared together, it clearly follows that the oneness said to exist between the Father and his Son Jesus, *is not a oneness of nature or person*, but a oneness of purpose, disposition and operation; since *the very same oneness* is said to exist between all believers and the Father. Hence Paul and Apollos are said *to be one, not one person*, but one in the great object of their mission, and in their manner of fulfilling it.

If, however, any will still contend that Christ and the Father are *one person or being*, and that this union constitutes Christ truly God; it will follow, by the same mode of reasoning, that the apostles are *equal with God*, for they are said *to be one, even as Christ and the Father are one.*

Question XIV.—Is Jesus Christ in all respects equal to the Father? or is the Father greater than he?

Answer. For my Father is greater than I. John xiv. 28.

My Father who gave them me is greater than all. John x. 29.

But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God. 1 Cor. xi. 3.

One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Ephes. iv. 6.

Conclusion. Here we learn from the testimony of Jesus and his apostles, that the Father is the *head* of Christ—that he is *greater than Christ*—and that he is *above all;* consequently Jesus is *inferior to the Father*, and therefore he is not the true God.

Question XV.—Does he possess the nature of God and the nature of man, so that it may be said with propriety that he consists of two natures, the one human, the other divine?

Answer. We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. John i. 45.

Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? John vi. 42. See also Matt. xiii. 55; Mark vi. 3; Luke iv. 22.

Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God. Acts ii. 22.

For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. ii. 5.

Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren. Heb. ii. 17. See also Heb. iv. 15.

Conclusion. From these passages it is demonstrably true that Jesus was *in*

all things made like unto his brethren. If, then, he possessed a *divine nature*, it will follow beyond a doubt, that all believers possess the same. The notion, then, that Christ possessed two natures, a human and divine, in the plain literal sense of those terms, is without the slightest foundation in Scripture. There is not a *single passage where this is ever stated in plain words*, or from which *it can be fairly inferred.* It is, therefore, a *mere human invention*, and ought to be rejected.

QUESTION XVI.—Was the true God ever an object of sight, or will he ever be?

ANSWER. No man hath seen God at any time. John i. 18, and 1 John iv. 12.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. 1 Tim. i. 17.

Whom no man hath seen or can see. 1 Tim. vi. 16.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? 1 John iv. 20.

To whom also he (Jesus) shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days. Acts i. 3.

CONCLUSION. As the true God is a Spirit, and was never an *object of sight*, nor ever can be, and as Jesus has *been seen* by thousands, and will *hereafter be seen;* it follows, beyond all doubt, that he is not the true God.

QUESTION XVII.—Who is the proper object of supreme religious worship—the Father or his son Jesus—or both of them?

ANSWER. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father who art in heaven. Matt. vi. 9; Luke xi. 1, 2.

The true worshipers shall worship the Father. John iv. 23.

And when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret. Matt. vi. 6, xviii. 19.

Jesus said, "And I will pray the Father." John xiv. 16.

Jesus fell on his face and prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Matt. xxvi. 39. See also Acts iv. 24, 30; Col. i. 12; 1 Peter i. 17.

CONCLUSION. From these passages it is sufficiently apparent that those who *confine* their worship and their prayers to the *Father* of our Lord Jesus Christ, are obeying his express command and imitating his example. And surely those cannot be wrong who are obeying the commands and imitating the example of Christ.

QUESTION XVIII.—Is it right and proper in any one *now* to present prayers to Jesus Christ?

ANSWER. And in that day (referring to the period subsequent to his resurrection) ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you. John xvi. 23.

At that day ye shall ask in my name (not ask me), and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you. John xvi. 26, 27.

CONCLUSION. Here Jesus distinctly *prohibits* the presenting of *petitions to him* after his resurrection from the dead, and directs that prayers should be offered to *the Father* in *his name.* Let those, then, consider, who now offer prayers to Jesus Christ, that they do it in *express opposition to his own immediate direction.*

QUESTION XIX.—What was the extent of the confession of faith respecting Jesus made by, and required of, the first Christians?

ANSWER. *By Peter.* Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Matt. xvi. 16. See also John vi. 69.

By Martha. I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. John xi. 27.

By the Eunuch whom Philip baptized. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Acts viii. 37.

By Paul. And he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God. Acts ix. 20.

By John. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God. 1 John v. 1.

CONCLUSION. Hence we infer that in the first age all that was required to constitute a person a Christian, was to believe that Jesus was *the Christ*, or *the Son of God.* And we also infer that if any Christians or churches now require any more definite or extensive confession of faith, in order to Christian fellowship, than Christ and his apostles required, they are not only reflecting on the wisdom and goodness of their Master and his apostles, but they are exerting an act of spiritual tyranny over the consciences of their brethren, unwarranted and unsupported by any part of the sacred Scriptures. And I would farther observe that

those Christians who *comply* with such tyrannical demands, are acknowledging another master in religion beside Christ.

QUESTION XX.—Does Peter's confession that Jesus was the Christ, *the Son of the living God*, import anything more than if he had simply said "Thou art the Christ"?

ANSWER. Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Matt. xvi. 16.

And Peter answereth and saith unto him, Thou art the Christ. Mark viii. 29.

Peter answering, said, the Christ of God. Luke ix. 20.

CONCLUSION. From comparing the three evangelists together, each of whom no doubt gives the *true sense* of Peter's confession, it is manifest that to acknowledge that Jesus *is the Christ*, or *the Christ of God*, is the same as to say *he is the Christ, the Son of the living God.*

But admitting that Christ is called *the Son of God* in relation *to his person*, what follows? Most clearly that he is *not God;* but that he is indebted to God for his existence, and is therefore *dependent* upon him, and *inferior* to him, both in nature, person and office. He, therefore, who believes that Jesus is *the Son of God*, cannot possibly believe with any consistency that he is *that God* whose son he is. And he who believes that *Jesus is the true God*, must deny that he *is the Son of God*, which is everywhere taught in the Scriptures.

THE DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER.

TO SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS.

YES, she is gone, dear little girl, in all the simplicity, sweetness and purity of childhood; and the sympathy her death has evoked among so many of our friends has found its way to our heart, and made us debtors to more kind words and good wishes than we can ever repay. So suddenly and so insidiously did her disease, croup and diphtheria, attack her, and marched steadily on to the citadel of life, that we had little more than time to bid her farewell, and say, God bless her!—and she was gone. We have found ourselves unable to reply by letter to all the addresses of affection and Christian hope, conceived in the greatest kindness and expressed in language the most touching and sweet, so we beg to apologize to our friends for having to take this more general plan of saying a word or two to one and all. Though we do not mourn our loss as those who have no hope, yet we feel our loss. We think of the little feet that ran on errands with such readiness now at rest in the grave, and the little hands that so often dropped your letters and packets into the post-office crossed in death. She was very dear to us, in her tenth year, apt at learning, healthy to within a few days of her death, a comfort and a blessing to us,—now she is gone, and we miss her very much. Her voice has died away on the morning air, the flower has withered before it was full blown; we trust it will re-blossom in eternity with a perennial beauty and freshness which will hereafter more than repay all our present sorrow. We are always reminded of her; here, there and everywhere, we see the things which she enjoyed and made her smile with happiness; and painfully we have her before us in the severity of her suffering during her last illness; the pale and sorrowful countenance of our dear child still draws tears from our eyes and affects our hearts. It was a terrible disease, with a constant sense of suffocation. She is now at rest, yet we cannot forget these things. We entertained a little superstition, it was that her life would be longer spared to us. We certainly did all that could be done to save her. A few years ago she and her younger sister had a most miraculous escape from death. In passing over a level crossing of a railway in the North, an engine came up at the time and ran them both down. The wheels ran through her clothing, but spared her body unhurt. We thought this very providential then, and we think so now. Ill prepared as we are to lose her now, we were less prepared to have lost her then. God does all things well. She has not lived in vain. She was lent to us by the Lord for a short season, and then taken home to His more immediate presence. We shall live a better life for the gift we enjoyed and the remembrances of our child; and we feel we shall at last die with more resignation and hope from the belief that she stands waiting to welcome our spirit to the eternal home of the blest. It is true a death-bed

scene most painfully impresses the mind with the frailty and uncertainty of life; the closing of the eye, the last breath, the stillness, silence and coldness of death holding possession of the mortal body, and we ask for a sight of the soul, the principle of life, to strengthen our hope. No palpable sign of departure or of translation is presented to the eye, no visible proof of immortal life on the face, no sound of the spirit's flight to heaven. Where life and happiness beamed before, all is quiet in death. This has shaken the faith of some. They wished to hear or see or feel the spirit's flight. But we remember there is a spiritual as well as a fleshly body, there is a heavenly as well as an earthly form, and the organs of the body do not take cognizance of the spiritual substance, the celestial and immortal part. Indeed, there are material forms so fine that they escape the eye. How could we hope to be made more cognizant of spiritual forms! A thousand times we have seen the cup filled on our table without being made conscious that a finer fluid than that poured into the cup was displaced at that very time from the vessel before our eyes. So we have learned to trust to spiritual realities not yet made palpable to our more gross powers;—that the chief entity of our nature is imperishable; that the thinking, loving, aspiring principle—the soul—though displaced, is not destroyed at death. These are the hours and the trials that force upon our attention the insignificance as well as the uncertainty of time; these are the thoughts and experiences that prove to us it is not so much the quantity as the quality of life we should prove ambitious of. We may not live long, but it is worthy of our constant endeavour that we should live well.

We again thank our many friends for their kind and comforting words, which have proved to us, undemonstrative as we are in our feelings, there is among our churches a faith, a hope and a charity worthy of the name of Christ. And in the midst of this our trouble, we have the same constant, calm trust in God, the same belief that He is love, in this hour of sorrow and transient darkness, as when the sun of happiness and life shined on our way.

COMFORTABLE.

I MARRIED young. My husband was grave and sincere, and of few words; I, ardent, excitable and full of rapture. One day some young friends came in, to whom I eagerly shewed the newly-arrived parlour furniture, among which was a spring-bottomed hair-cloth mahogany rocking chair, a rarer article than nowadays. Everything was "splendid," "elegant," "charming," "magnificent." Their enthusiastic ejaculation delighted me. At last they went away and my husband came home. "Oh this chair!" I exclaimed, throwing myself into it—"is it not splendid, magnificent, enchanting?"

"It is very comfortable," he answered slowly and gravely, after a short pause.

"Comfortable!" I only said: "how cold! Comfortable! and is that all?" Tears rushed to my eyes. "We can never, never sympathize. Comfortable!" I repeated to myself—"comfortable!"

Dinner came, but I could not regain my spirits. The meal was unsocial and soon over, when I escaped to my chamber to brood over our differences of character.

It was not long before footsteps were heard on the stairs, and my husband, whom I had supposed gone, opened the door. He approached me, and looking as it were straight into my heart, said kindly: "I do not find in every-day life anything corresponding to what I suppose 'magnificent,' 'splendid,' 'enchanting,' to mean; in fact, I do not understand those words as you are in the habit of using them, for they do not express things as they really are. In this plain world, this world of perplexity, trouble, defeated hopes, we can expect little more than to be comfortable. And how much does that sum up of what is within our reach—freedom from ills, the absence of annoyances, ease, rest, tranquillity. What then is like the sober certainty of being comfortable?" And then he left me to sober second thoughts, which, like good angels, rushed to the rescue. "How true, and wise, and sensible!" they said. "With all your magnificent notions, you are very unhappy, and are likely to make your husband so." After a pretty uncomfortable afternoon, I began to think there might be something very good and substantial in being comfortable, after all, and I was determined to look into it.

HONOURING CHRIST.

Christ is exceedingly honoured in professional respectabilities—in very zealous professions of orthodoxy, of reliance and dependence upon his truth. He is honoured a great deal in this respectable, matter-of-course way. How many are indignant, or deeply horrified, if the Unitarian or Universalist denies Jesus his real rank, as they call it, in the universe! They are very zealous and officious about the dignity of Christ's rank, lest he should be lowered from the height of his Godhead; but, at the same time, while they have such a vivid apprehension of his rank, how much of his spirit have they? Why do they not see that real homage is not in the apprehension of his rank in the universe, but in the possession of his spirit?

On the other hand, many Universalists and Unitarians are very zealous for the truth of Christ, as they term it—for good and right doctrines concerning Christ and salvation. How much have they honoured him—what is the worth of their correct doctrines about him, if they have not smelted his doctrines in their own souls? What is the good of this breadth of salvation if it has no experimental depth, and has not entered into your heart?

Much of this respect for Christ is only dead, formal respect—respect for the mere symbols and usages of religion. So men shew their respect for the Bible, by bringing it into courts of justice, making a statute-book of it, and reading it before judge and jury. Why don't you make it the oracle that will prevent such acts as lead to courts of justice? Why don't you cherish it in the private sanctuary of the soul, oh! adulterer and murderer—oh! man in the evil hour of temptation? Why don't you read it, and make it an oracle there?

Christ is not honoured by mere popular and formal respect. He wants not merely the honour of the people in the mass—in the multitude—but he wants individual honour and homage. He wants each one to give him what he really feels in his own heart, and not the hosannas of the crowd. Sometimes men join in the popular demonstration merely because it is popular. If this is unreal homage, if it does not come out of the heart, it is just as unacceptable to God Almighty as real neglect. All that Christ is after is the heart. Jesus went about as a man searching for a lost treasure. He went to the poor, downcast sinner, and tried to find his heart. If he could get it, it was all he came from heaven to claim. All he is striving to do to-day is to get your heart. He wants no mere profession nor sounding hosannas. It is a dreadful thing to think that the same possibilities are in us that were in the multitude that followed Christ. You think it was an awful thing for Judas to betray Jesus. How many betray him for less than 30 pieces of silver! You think it was a terrible thing for Peter to tell such a cowardly lie, and skulk from his Master. How many do the same thing when they deny their religious faith—when they go to places where it is unpopular, and they shrink from avowing it, or perhaps disavow it altogether! How often do men entertain the same feeling that the multitude did when they cried out, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" How often do you deny Christ, my hearer, in every sin that you commit! In every transaction that violates the doctrine of Christ, remember you crucify him, and open his bleeding wounds afresh. What value are all your waving of palms, and high-sounding hosannas, if your hearts are not cast at his feet?

And does not all victory come in that way? Was that a true victory or glory that Xerxes could have wrought, even if he had been triumphant, and conquered the earth merely to gratify his own passion for conquest? There is no victory in this world without self-sacrifice—without struggle—none that does not come through effort, often through darkness, through doubt, through fear, through death. It was that spirit of obedient and self-sacrificing love, through the darkest hour and against the mightiest obstacles, that was foretold by those scattered garments and waving branches.

And, my friends, we may share that victory. We do share it whenever we enter into that spirit. Oh, sorrowing one, in the hour of darkness, when your faith begins to reel, when your trust in God begins to shake, but you say, "I will trust in him though he slay me—I will believe in him, dark and bitter as my lot is"—in that hour, rising out of that Gethsemane

of darkness, you achieve something of the victory that Christ achieved. Oh, man, tempted, oppressed by many trials, overborne by passion for the moment, and threatening to yield, remembering how Christ overcame temptation in that victory, you may share Christ's victory! And in all doubt, all fear, all out-pouring, sacrificing love to the subjection of self, and for the good of man and glory of God — in all that we share the victory of Jesus Christ.

My friends, the most substantial honour for any human greatness is that which comes from those that in some sense share that greatness, or have some affinity for it—some kindred spirit of sympathy. For instance, the craftsman who builds a ship does not care so much for the compliments the mass of men may pay him, as for that spontaneous praise which a fellow-craftsman bestows, who knows what he has done. The musician cares not so much for the plaudits of the multitude, as for the commendation of some other musician who knows what is beautiful in his performance, and can appreciate it. So Jesus Christ is honoured just as we share his spirit—just as we know something of his struggle, attain something of his victory, and can appreciate the greatness of the work he has wrought.

And so, my friends, as we go forth to-day to meet him, not with real palms, but, I trust, with uplifted souls, may we meet him with sympathetic spirits, and share in the greatness of his work. All who in any way know and feel his spirit of self-sacrifice; all who have suffered for conscience' sake, patient in sorrow, toil, trial, doubt and fear; the martyr, from the bloody dews of whose grave blossom flowers of truth and blessedness for the world; old apostles who were scarred and beaten in his cause—all such have honoured him and share his glory. Let us, my friends, honour him to-day. Wave the palms on all the slopes of heaven—in all the zones of earth. All who see and feel the true greatness of Christ and of his spirit, honour him. Wave palms in honour of Jesus—in honour of the spirit of obedient love which he manifested. Wave them on earth; wave them in heaven; wave them high, lifted up, streaming in token of ineffable victory.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D.*

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

By Horace Smith.

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without woe and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, Sermons, Shrines!

SENSE, NONSENSE AND SENSATION.

A BATCH OF TRACTS.

During the last few months we have looked into several tracts and papers scattered about the streets, and we are surprised to find how few of all those given so freely and copiously by distributors ought to be classed as sensible, practical and useful papers. They are full of orthodox statements about the fall of man, the blood of Christ, and damnation. We have only met with one thoroughly sensible and useful tract from such distributors during the last two years. The interpreters of prophecy have been making a stir in South London during the last year; the utter nonsense with which their papers are filled cannot be described but by their own pens. We insert a few lines as a fair specimen of their literature:

"Of God (in human nature—the appointed person) in three distinct workings of the divine power in the creature. First, as fire, wrath or anger; second, as light and love, arising out of the fire, or ire, which was felt; and third, the knowledge or wisdom, or true light of the word going forth, in the speaking which is compared to wind: this is the Trinity. Ireland is famous for linens, particularly the county of Armagh; fine linen, mentioned in the Revelations (spiritually), the righteousness of the saints. The word Selah is the mystic name for Ireland, put so many times at the end of verses in the Psalms, and at the end of Psalms, which word signifies the Rock. The harp and green field are the colours for Ireland. The sweet psalmist of Israel plays upon the harp: 'And I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps.' The harp is mentioned many times in Scripture, and so is the field: 'Two shall be in the field; one shall be taken and the other left.' Matthew xxiv., 'The green field is the spring of the everlasting righteousness.' Armagh is the same as Armageddon in the Scriptures, which signifies the Hill of Apples or Fruits; or Mount Zion—the Hill of the Gospel. 'And he gathered them together in a place called, in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon,' Rev. xvi. 16; that is, he gathered together the garments, as saith the verse above, 15th. In Armageddon, which is the variegated knowledge of the word; called garments, because it is righteousness and truth that covers the nakedness or ignorance of man."

The revivalist section, who hold their meetings in theatres, go in for sensational tracts. It is difficult to say whether they have affected the players or the playhouse has affected them, for both the theatrical performances and the religious performances have been of a sensational character for some time past; and

the people appear to love the sensational so much, that the newspapers have got the unhappy knack of making as much as they can of every murder, suicide, &c., in their contents' bills. The following lines, from one of the theatrical tracts, will shew we have not overstated the sensational element:

"I feel anxious that you should at once get to Christ, and thus be sheltered from coming wrath. The awful judgments of God will soon be poured forth upon the rejectors of His grace. Everything is working to this end. Sudden destruction will soon overtake the wicked. The storm is gathering thick and fast over Christendom. The dreadful crisis is near. In an unlooked-for moment 'the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Then men will seek death, but shall not find it. How do matters stand between your souls and God? How would it be with you if, while at your work, this solemn scene was to take place: thunders roaring, rocks rending, hills trembling, graves yawning, heavens opening, trumpet blowing, lightnings flashing, mountains moving, earth reeling, dead rising, Christ descending."

In a single week you might gather up a whole packet of the most meaningless papers scattered so plentifully in the streets, asking you if you have believed in the Lord Jesus? if you are saved? if you are self-righteous? if you are trusting to works or to the blood of Christ? if your sins are forgiven? &c. &c. There is at the present time as well a more than usual stir against heresy, bidding you beware of unsound doctrine. The heresy within the pale of the Church, and sanctioned by the Queen and Privy Council, has provoked a new series of tracts and papers for the people. The Rev. J. C. Ryle, of tract notoriety, has issued a very solemn warning in the form of a large tract headed "BEWARE!" The heretical teachers within the pale of the Church alarm this party. There is an endless number of two-paged papers urging people to believe in Christ, to look to Christ, in strictest harmony with these few lines we take from one of them:

"There is life for a look at the crucified one;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved—
Unto him who was nail'd to the tree.

"Oh! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus *thy* sins were not laid?
Oh! why from his side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying *thy* debt has not paid?

"It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul:
On him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll."

There appears a constant effort going on to shew the people how to escape the just punishment of sin by looking to Jesus, washing in his blood, believing in his merits, trusting to his righteousness, &c., instead of the counsel that saves from sin. Christ came to save from sin, not to save the people from the consequences of the sins they had committed.

We find the spirit of a lady, called *Elizabeth Cottle*, has been aroused to enlighten the people by an issue of "Cottle" tracts. She beats Dr. Cumming clean hollow with her prophetical interpretations of Scripture. The following specimen shall suffice of the nonsense she sends out:

"WITH WHOM (Lord Palmerston at Kirkstall Lodge) HAST THOU (in Downing Street, 2 Sam. xii. 1—7, in these Parliamentary 'DOG' days, from July 3rd) LEFT THOSE FEW SHEEP (those 'eight souls' on Trinity Sunday, May 31, see pages 183-4-5-6-7-8-9-190) IN THE WILDERNESS (of sin, in this Parliament of 1863)? AND THE PHILISTINE (Pope Hennessey) CURSED DAVID (and *Eli-z-ab*-eth) BY HIS (Athanasian Whit and Trinity Sunday) GODS (see pages 181—183); AND DAVID PUT HIS HAND IN HIS (*Eli-z-ab*-eth Hoare's money) BAG (which she sent him in remembrance of 'Judas,' and 'the leather bottle' when he left England for his American tour), AND TOOK HENCE (see p. 7, verses 21, 22, at her sole cost) A (Cephas, Rev. ii. 17) STONE (of the church of the cross of Cleophas, John xix. 25), AND SLANG IT (in the 'Lamb's Book of Life,' with its long line of 'prophecy,' from Genesis to Revelations, for 'the testimony of Jesus'—Elizabeth Cottle), AND SMOTE THE PHILISTINE (John Pope, with her 'name') IN HIS (baptized) FOREHEAD (as the third person among 'his Trinity Gods') AND

SLEW HIM (with 'this lie' in his queen's 'right hand,' Ezek. xiii. 19, 22, 23.)"

No one can deny that a free and cheap press is a great blessing. Many a kind and sensible word that has cheered and strengthened the pilgrim of life has been learned from some cheap tract. But to tell the truth about those shoals of foolish theological papers scattered in the streets, railway carriages and public places, would so utterly disgust a sensible reader, that he would be disposed to fling all kinds of tracts into the fire as worthless rubbish. Yet it must not be forgotten that there are opportunities offered us to do good by the circulation of well-written and rational tracts. It is said that the Free-trade victory was gained in this land by its millions of tracts. Then the people knew they were reading pages of the best political philosophy. We are in a position, with our religious views, to correct much of the prevalent evil that curses the church and the world; the numerous and well-written tracts issued by two or three of our societies ought to be more widely circulated than they are.

We conclude our notice of the present-day tract literature by a few words from a recent number of the *Athenæum:*

"Among the fag-ends of our literature come advertisements, which the advertisers twist into every possible form to attract attention. Who has not stood firm or quailed under the question, 'Do you bruise your oats?'—according as he had or had not procured Widow Wedlake's indispensable machine. There is a sort of advertisement which has been more or less in vogue with religious persons and associations as long as we remember anything; which declined under the spread of knowledge and of reverence, as we thought, and which now seems to raise its head again. Under our door has been thrust a slip of paper printed on both sides, bearing the impress of the 'London Gospel Tract depôt,' and 2*s.* 3*d.* per thousand as the price. We can never object to the dissemination, in any way, of serious exhortation or serious argument, be the subject what it may; but the following is not serious. On one side we find, 'Your soul! is it saved? If not, come to Jesus. He casts out none that come.' On the other side are some texts. This is a poor copy of 'Do you bruise your oats?' It is also irreverent, because it treats a high subject in imitation of announcements which were intended to excite attention by raising laughter. It will be defended by the plea that there are *some* whom it will attract; but this is no justification for a course which will disgust many. It is a known fact that books written expressly *against* Christianity have converted some *to* Christianity. And the same argument would be equally valid in favour of turning Punch into a kind of miracle-play, and hawking salvation through the streets to the tune of the Old Hundredth on the pipes, accompanied by the double drum. When these things are publicly exposed, they will be amended; for they are too absurd to bear the light. We remind those who scatter these slips that when St. Paul declared he would be all things to all men, he meant that he would fling all things among all men, that each might choose for himself. If they can find the persons who would be caught by the above, let them find and catch; but the indiscriminate offer of a bruise-your-oats advertisement is an insult to common sense."

TWO STANZAS,

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTHDAY.

REFLECTION I.—*Despondent.*

I KNOW not how it is with some—
With me Life goes, each day,
Wishing that future hours were come,
And present were away.
Thus waste I portions of the whole
Of Time's too scant amount,
And yet how dreads my coward soul
The close of Life's account!

REFLECTION II.—"*Second Thoughts are best.*"

Such wishings, not man's smallest bliss,
So cease o'er *that* to groan;
When such habitual thoughts we miss,
The Life of Life is gone.
But he who wastes his worldly span,
By HEAVENLY LIGHTS unled,
Though outwardly a living man,
Yet inwardly he's dead.

Peckham. A. BELL.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

BE CONTENT.—There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a ball; when he had the ball he only wanted a kite; and when he had a marble, ball, top and kite, he was not happy. There was a man who only wanted money. When he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land, and a coach, he wanted more than ever. Be content with little, for much will have more, all the world over.

STATISTICS OF THE HUMAN FAMILY.—In the last *Congregational Quarterly* there is an article on this subject, containing the following estimate of religious divisions of the population of the world:

Pagans	650 millions,	or 65	per cent.
Mohammedans	100 „	10	„
Catholics, Greeks and Jews	175 „	17½	„
Protestant Christendom	75 „	7½	„
Total	1000 millions,	or 100	per cent.

The writer also thinks that not over one in seven, or one in ten, of the inhabitants of Protestant communities, are "living Christians;" and as he does not appear to think the phrase applicable to "Catholics and Greeks," we are led to the conclusion that, in a population of the world estimated at over one thousand millions, only seven or ten millions are "living Christians." The writer has reason to add that, with his peculiar limitation of Christianity to a preferred doctrinal creed, the contrast between "the real friends of the Lord Jesus Christ and the world is painfully striking."

EXTRAORDINARY LOTTERY.—Two Catholic priests at Munster, in Prussia, recently established a singular lottery, the prizes being masses for the souls of the winners after their death. The public accuser, however, instituted a prosecution against them for organizing a lottery without authorization, but the tribunal acquitted the accused, although the fact that they had made 15,000f. by the affair was proved.

VARIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.—The Christian church at the present time presents an interesting spectacle of the various countries it has touched, like the current of a river, and though it has not always left the gospel to bless the people, it has brought away with it marks of travel. Rome seems to have contributed a pope; Paganism and Jerusalem a priesthood; Egypt has contributed monasticism; and Greece those subtle distinctions of doctrine found in the Trinity. The time will come when those foreign elements shall entirely disappear, and Christianity be restored to its first and gospel simplicity of love to God and men.

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION.—A friend of ours was recently severely handled for his profession of Unitarianism. His censurer said, "I know that Unitarianism is a *common-sense* religion, but common-sense religion will never save you. You must have faith, sir; a religion of faith and the mystery of godliness; you must not trust to common sense in religion."

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.—"And you go to the Unitarian chapel, do you," said Mrs. Whimple in a scornful tone to Mrs. Grey; "and you call that a place of worship?" "I do," said Mrs. Grey. "And pray where do you attend on a Sunday, Mrs Whimple?" "Oh," said Mrs. Whimple, with an air of pharisaic pride, "I am a *true* Christian, a *true* Christian, Mrs. Grey!"

REASON FOR GOING TO CHURCH.—A judge was interrogated as to the reason of his attending church. The reply was, "I go to be impressed." Instruction of a religious nature may be derived from books, lectures, discussions, &c. The true design of pulpit effort is to impress the conscience with truths that, perhaps, are already embraced in the theory of the hearer. If the auditors are sent away unimpressed by the truths addressed to them, the effort proves a failure, to be lamented as an opportunity to benefit souls not fully embraced. The utterances of unchanging truth by a living ministry can never be superseded. The changing countenance, the tearful eye, the graceful gesture and earnest manner of the orator, cannot be printed. Through these, as the soul, all aroused by the truth, goes forth on his mighty mission, impressions kindred to its own are made upon many hearts.

"DIDN'T I DRUM WELL?"—Billy Gray, the rich merchant of Boston, once reproved a carpenter for not doing his work well. The carpenter told Billy he knew him when he was nothing but a drummer. "Well," said Mr. Gray, "didn't I drum well? eh? Didn't I drum well?"

LADIES' DRESSES.—A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago; but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that the situation is not so much changed after all.

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